Ulndependance apropos of Gheon's article on Francis Jammes. I knew nothing of that attack and for several minutes was unable to pay attention to Pierre Hamp. All this leading me on, I prolonged my visit beyond the limits of decency, not having grasped at once that Hamp and Thierry were staying to dinner. Finally Paul Desjardins got up and discreetly left me with the two others (perhaps to ask that a place be set for me, or to notify me indirectly, or merely to go and wash his hands). Immediately I looked at my watch and hastened toward the hallway, where Paul Desjardins joined me, smothering me with thanks according to his custom.

On getting home I find a note from Vannicola, who announces his arrival. What is that unfortunate fellow coming to Paris for? I write him at once that I shall go and lunch with him tomorrow; very sorry, however, to cut into a day that I hoped to be able to devote entirely to work. After the business letters that I had to write in the evening, I wonder if I shall manage to get to sleep.

23 November

Slept well; thanks perhaps to a generous libation of orange-flower water. Work all morning. At one o'clock lehl arrives, who is returning to Fronton two days from now. I go out with him to pick up Vannicola at his hotel, lunch with him, then, as soon as possible, get back to Auteuil to work. I write the greater part of the conversation between Julius and Lafcadio after the crime, without too much nervous irritation, but incapable of judging right away the quality of what I have written. Perhaps when I reread it tomorrow, I shall find it abominable; nevertheless, I think at least that the general outline of the scene is good.

Em. went to see Allain at the house of education where he is still being kept. She gets back at about tea-time with a number 6f I/Opinion, which she bought to read on the way, expecting to find

in it Pierre de Lanux's article on Serbia. Instead she falls upon Pierrefeu's article against lehl and against me, which infuriates her; but the article is written in such a way that on the contrary it greatly encourages me. Such disparagements, instead of crushing me, exalt me, and even more completely than praises.[31] After dinner, I go back to work after having finished the second canto of *The Faerie Queene,* of which I read a few stanzas to Em.

[31] I write to Pierrefeu: "Sir, a single thing displeases me in your article: the reproach you make me of seeking to hide what I owe to Dostoyevsky. I have the greatest gratitude toward Dostoyevsky and yet cannot proclaficn it any louder than I have done, not having, as you have said, a strong voice. I beg, etc. . . /' (And I enclosed with my letter my booklet on Dostoyevsky.) [A.]